

A PROPHECY.

In August, 1839, the Emancipation Act took effect in the English West Indies. I clipped from a copy of the *Emancipator*, published during that month, a most striking poem. Its motto was, "Coming events cast their shadow before." It had no signature, but seemed to speak out like the lone voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way." Its utterances and style were so peculiar that it seemed to me then like an inspired voice. And as years have rolled on, and events thickened, the very scenes transpiring which the writer depicted, it seems no less a voice of inspiration. God grant that the closing scene may be as fully realized as the preceding ones have been!

I have never seen it elsewhere, not even an extract from, or allusion to it, only as they have been taken from the copy in my possession. To attempt to give only passages detracts greatly from its beauty and force. The following is a complete copy. MARY G. CLARKE.

Visions of August.

High on the summit of the vast Blue Ridge,
Upon the loftiest of the peaks of Otter,
Amidst the pure salubrious dews of morn,
I watched the signs and wonders of the Heavens.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

On the dark bosom of a tempest cloud,
Crouched for his prey I saw a giant demon:
In his right hand he waved a burning chain,
And Afric wailed as on her shores he flung it.
Her stolen sons he branded with a curse,
And bade the ocean lend him all her billows;
He leaped infuriated from storm to storm,
And stamped his image on the flag of nations!

I looked again. Upon the broad blue sky,
A form revealed of bright ethereal temper!
Full on the foe she fixed her searching gaze;
She waved her sword—I knew her name was Freedom.
Forth to her side four guardian angels sprung,
And leagued their might against the foaming tyrant.
Howling he left the empire of the Ocean,
And skulks amidst the swamps of Mississippi—
Or prowls around the craggy peaks of Otter—
Or shouts exulting where the Congress gather,
In the proud city of our country's father!

High on the summit of the vast Blue Ridge,
Upon the loftiest of the peaks of Otter,
I laid me wearied in the sultry noon,
And watched the signs and wonders of the Heavens.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

The radiant form of Freedom soared aloft,
And called the angels of the Isles around her.
Lo! midst the splendors of the eastern sky,
Foremost appeared Britannia's guardian spirit,
And Eloquence stood pleading by his side,
And Poetry was there with holy harpings.
Then Freedom pointed to the far Southwest,
And these all looked, and beckoned in the heavens.
Sudden as lightning, from the gorgeous clouds
That slept in beauty o'er those isles of sorrow,
Angelic hands one beauteous flag unrolled,
And there one lonely star was seen to glimmer,—
Sweet star of promise! So, for three long hours
All watched that star—they called its name ANTIGUA:
Angel replied to angel, cloud to cloud,—
And still the one blest watchword was, ANTIGUA!

I looked.—Behold a splendid throne of islands!
I hearkened—and there burst the shout of thousands.
In that glad shout there was a voice of glory!
And on that throne there was a voice of beauty!—
The loyalty of millions rose around it!—
The joyous songs of new-born freemen hailed it!—
O many a bard shall hymn the First of August;
And louder yet upon our lofty highlands,
Shall roll the anthem of those ransomed islands!

Emancipation in the West Indies

Chicago 1864

Ms A.1.2 v.39, p.18 B

High on the summit of the vast Blue Ridge,
 Upon the loftiest of the peaks of Otter,
 I woo'd the zephyrs of the gentle eve,
 And watched the signs and wonders of the Heavens.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

A splendid dome was imaged in the sky,
 With lofty roof on six and twenty pillars.*
 Its front looked forth upon the ocean,
 Inscribed, 'Asylum'! 'Death to Tyrants'! 'Freedom'!
 It rose the product of the experienced past,
 Gift of all ages, sealed with blood of martyrs!
 Beneath its arch of love—oh, wretched sight!—
 Coiled round its pillars slept a fiery dragon.—
 Slept? No! he rages! and with jaws of gore
 A thousand throats all yearn as if with famine,
 Victims by millions bleed within his coils;
 Yet millions more could never sate that Hydra!
 Groans are his music; and his chosen lawn
 Is one dark sea of hopeless human faces,
 O'er which no breezes passed but wails of anguish!
 And o'er that sea there soared a glorious eagle,
 Strong as the wind and fiercer than the tempest!
 Yet round her neck a silver chain was welded,
 By which the Dragon checked her at his pleasure;
 She screamed of liberty, and then from far,
 Hoarse o'er the wave, the laughter of all nations
 Came:—it was the echo of her own orations.

Midnight rolled on. I heard the monster growl,
 And thrice the massive pillars shook around him!
 Thrice broke the thunder o'er that dome of light,
 And red with wrath the lightnings glared athwart it.
 Still 'mid the gloom one mournful cry ascended,
 'Spare us, O God, let not thy people perish.'
 'Amen!' that sea of anguished manhood answered;
 'Amen!' through all her realms the future thundered.
 Midnight rolled by; the moon withdrew her shining,
 Yet still that one sweet prayer to heaven ascended.—
 Storm leagued with storm—I felt that vengeful darkness,
 Yet still that one sweet prayer to heaven ascended—
 'Spare us, O God, let not thy people perish!'
 'Amen'! the crushed and broken hearts responded.
 'Amen'! the future; and all holy angels
 Around the awful brink in concert kneeling,
 Answered, 'Amen! let not thy people perish!'
 'Amen'! as if from numbers without number,
 Till fifteen millions started from their slumber.

High on the summit of the vast Blue Ridge,
 Upon the loftiest of the peaks of Otter,
 I stood amidst the golden beams of morn,
 And watched the signs and wonders of the heavens.

Fled was the darkness, and the storm was hushed,
 A radiant troop shone forth like stars of morning!
 Faith, Justice, Truth and meek Philanthropy,
 Heaven-born Religion, and her child Repentance,
 Called forth the millions of that peopled dome,
 And thrilled the mighty mass with lofty feeling.
 The north, the south, the west, all mingled there,
 Heaved by one impulse like the waves of ocean!
 Wrought to one grand decision, till there burst
 Forth from all lips one word—EMANCIPATION.
 O, 'twas a voice of glory! 'twas the shout
 As of ten thousand thunders!—'twas the anthem
 Of lakes and floods, of prairies and of mountains,
 And all enfolding oceans.—Then the sunlight
 Poured o'er that dome, and wrapped its roof with glory.
 The fier' dragon was destroyed forever.—
 See! where he coiled around each lofty pillar,
 Climbs the sweet vine, and clings the breath of roses.
 Fly, fly, Ithuriel! wave thy spear celestial,
 Bright guardian angel of our youthful nation,
 Chase from the world all forms of vile oppression;—
 Hang out the chart of universal freedom,
 And legibly across thine unsoiled banner,
 Write for thy God one holy word—Hosanna.

* The United States then numbered but twenty-six.

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Sandwich, Ill. March 25th 1847

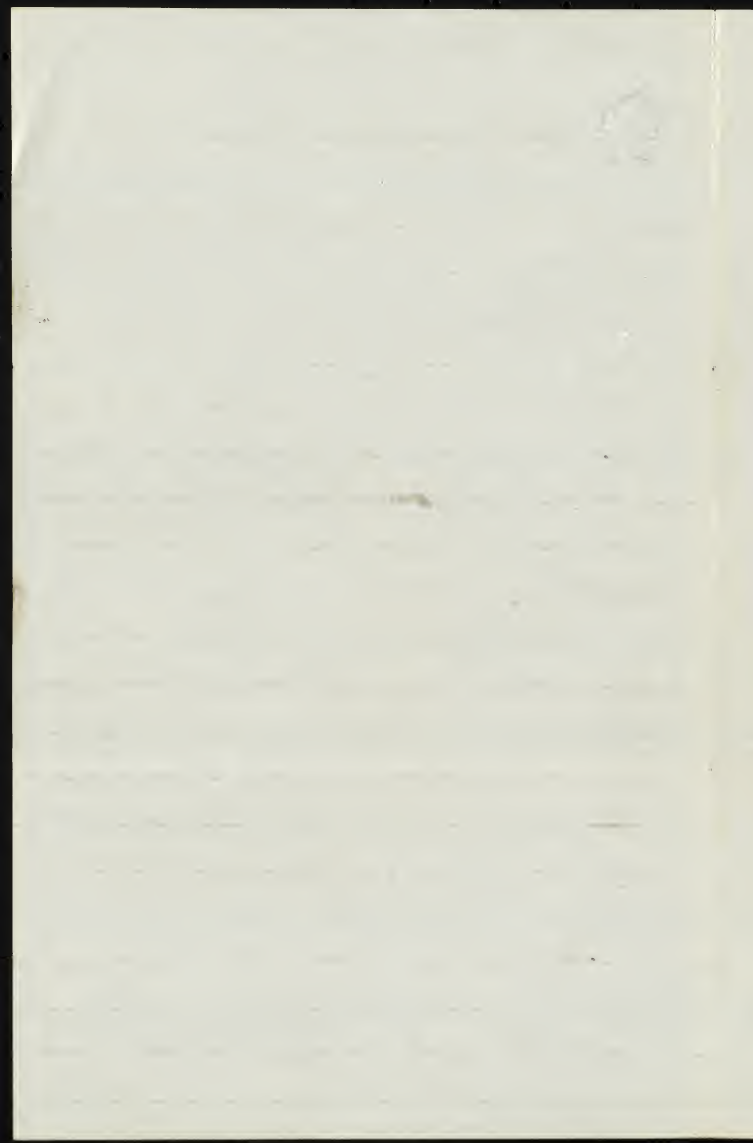
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Mr Garrison

Respected Sir,

I thank you
for your prompt response to my
inquiry although unable to gratify
my curiosity, though I trust, not a
vain curiosity.

I enclose you a verbatim
copy of the original one I cut from
the "Emancipator" of which I had
the impression you was a conductor
~~or~~ at the time. I but occasionally
saw the paper, & gave no special
thought to its place of publication
or its editor. but afterward as
your name became so identified
with the Anti-Slavery movement,
I seemed^d locate you as the then



Editor of the "Emancipator,"

I take pleasure in sending you this duplicate copy which I find loose in my scrap book. The original is firmly fixed there. I feel sure that you will read it with keen appreciation of its vivid pictures of what has passed into history, as also its glorious vision of what the end will be.

That whether near or remote such a grand consummation may be realized is the prayer of

Yours with Respect
Mrs. Mary G. Clarke.

